Lover Come Back to Me

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Lover Come Back to Me

by slashyrogue

Summary

Will Graham hates being rich, always has. His father, Gerald Graham was a nasty man who wanted his son to marry rich and beat Will down most of his life, telling him he had a marriage set up for his future. When Will fell in love with the poor older farmer next door, his father killed his lover and in retaliation Will bludgeoned his father to death with an ashtray.

When he finally returns to town ten years later, something unexpected happens in the graveyard.

Inspired by Creepshow

Chapter 1

Will Graham hates being rich, always has. His father, Gerald Graham was a nasty man who wanted his son to marry rich and beat Will down most of his life, telling him he had a marriage set up for his future. When Will fell in love with the poor older farmer next door, his father killed his lover and in retaliation Will bludgeoned his father to death with an ashtray.

Will ran away from town, not returning for years and letting his cousins live off of monthly stipends he'd afforded them until they begged his return.

Will goes to visit his father's grave and almost resists the urge to visit his lover Hannibal's, knowing the pain will hurt so badly but feeling he should goes anyway.

He's carried a bottle of rum in his hand as he lays his head on the ground in front of Hannibal's gravestone, the words under his birth and death date Will himself requested as he'd paid for the stone himself.

DEATH CANNOT STOP TRUE LOVE

He whispers to the ground, "I still wake up alone at night and remember you telling me I'd never be alone again. I…god Hannibal I hate being so alone. I hate…I wanted to follow but you said not to, gig begged me not to, it's been so long! I can't…"

He sobbed, remembering holding a bloody Hannibal in his arms as the light left his eyes and his whispered, "Wait for me, Mylimasis. Do not follow. Wait."

He didn't feel the hand in his hair at first but when the petting turned to pulling he jumped, screaming as the ground beneath his head started to move. Will backed up, moaning and hitting a tree behind him his head dazed as he looked up and saw the black body of a monster that had crawled of Hannibal Lecter's grave.

"Please, please," he moaned, trying to wake up.

When the creature walked to him, stopping and staring as it knelt by Will's feet to take his hand.

"Your beauty has increased dramatically since I last laid eyes on you, beloved."

Will sobbed, his hand over his mouth as he moaned, "No,no…"

The body on the creature changed, twisting and coloring differently as the demon that had come out became the same man Will had not stopped dreaming of for the past ten years.

Hannibal smiled. "Yes, my darling. I am so happy that you waited for me."

Will threw himself into his arms, clutching at Hannibal's shoulders and whispering, "It's a dream, it's a dream…"

Hannibal kissed his cheek, his neck, and then turned Will's head to look at him. "No, Mylimasis. It is real. I have been waiting so long for your return."

Will's smile was radiant, kissing him for all it was worth and when they came up for air his first words were, "Who is going to die this time?"

Hannibal smiled. "Everyone

Chapter 2

Continued from Lover Come Back to Me

The bodies were strewn around the room and Will's loud panting was the only noise that could be heard in the aftermath as he looked around for Hannibal who seemed to have disappeared again.

Anxiety overtook him, rushing through the house and almost slipping over the blood but finding his creature lover bent over the body of his oldest aunt, Liddie, mouth covered in blood as he growled.

"Hannibal?"

He was in his other form and Will was still somewhat intimidated by it he could not help but be even as Will saw nothing but warmth in his dead eyes.

"Mylimasis, you are a vision," he praised, his voice a rumble that made Will's cock harden in response.

Will swallowed, stepping forward tentatively and feeling a chill when Hannibal's arms came around him. He remembered their past closeness as warm and loving, wonderful and nothing but a comfort. The Hannibal who held him now was not warm but still loving and comforting despite the coldness. Will let out a breath, burying his face against Hannibal's neck and feeling the coarseness of his blackened skin. "I was worried you were gone again," Will whispered, shivering as he felt a clawed hand on the back of his head.

Hannibal kissed his cheek, a fang grazing Will's skin as he reassured, "I will never leave you again, not even if you wish me to."

Will lifted his head and frowned, "Why would I ever wish you to?"

Hannibal's form changed as they were together, Will could feel the ripple go through him as bones moved and formed anew but Hannibal never once looked in pain. "I am a monster, beloved."

Will smiled. "Aren't we both?"

Hannibal kissed him with still cold lips, Will was vastly getting used to the change of them, and growled as he said, "No, you are an angel of death while I am just a monster of it."

Will shook his head, "No, no, I'm not. I," he pressed his lips to Hannibal's cheek, "If you're a monster, than I want to be nothing else but the very worst monster there is. I loved you then, I love you now, but now….at least I am yours. No one can take you away again."

Hannibal smiled, his hand changing into a claw against the back of Will's head. Will shivered in response, "Would you like to learn what it feels like to make love to a monster?"

Will lifted his head, his mouth red with blood as he smiled. “Please?”

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